

JULY 1959

# Maryknoll



Don't worry—  
we'll fix up Fido!



"BLESS US, LORD, and the rice we're about to receive," say young men at prayer before dinner, in a tuberculosis home in South Africa.

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# MR. TALL-PINE

## *and his*

# KNEELER

You'd think twice before incurring the wrath of this patriarch.

BY JOHN L. LAVIN, M.M.

■ IT WAS just before the start of the nine o'clock Mass when I heard Mr. Tall-Pine enter. I was kneeling toward the rear — on the straw matting which takes the place of pews in most Japanese churches — as he began striding down the aisle.

There was no mistaking who it was. The soft pad of stocking feet on the cedar floor was punctuated by the tap of a mahogany cane. Invariably it announced the arrival of Mr. Tall-Pine, eldest and most respected member of St. Joseph's parish.

The years have been kind to this venerable gentleman of seventy-five summers. He is as tall and erect as the tree whose name he bears, and were it not for a slight stiffening in his knees, there would be



no need for the cane. But even with his rheumatism, Mr. Tall-Pine works long hours in the family garden, and takes a daily spin on his bicycle. Often he tells me, with the faintest twinkle in his eyes, that he is good for another seventy-five seasons.

Hence, his gnarled and sturdy

cane serves an ulterior purpose: one can always gauge the disposition of Mr. Tall-Pine by the staccato emphasis of mahogany meeting cedar; or by the swirling of dust as his silver-tipped cane bites into an Iwamizawan roadbed.

This Sunday morning, Mr. Tall-Pine was disturbed. As he whisked by me, I gauged his temper to be somewhere between indignation and wrath. Smiling faces and muffled giggles indicated that the parishioners were also aware of their venerable patriarch's disposition. It was a child's finger that finally pointed out where the trouble lay. Someone had removed Mr. Tall-Pine's personal kneeler from its appointed place in front of the Communion rail. . . .

Shortly after my arrival in the parish, I had been cautioned on the "do's" and "don'ts" of parish life. High on the list was a brief but firm pastoral warning not to disturb Mr. Tall-Pine's wooden kneeler: not to paint it, kneel on it or change the angle of its position; but especially, not to remove it.

To violate any of these dictums, however innocently, was to leave oneself open to a verbal barrage from Mr. Tall-Pine.

My pastor spoke to me about this from his own experience. His predecessor had not, it seems, had the foresight to warn him; being igno-

rant of the parochial privilege of Mr. Tall-Pine, he had carried the kneeler into the sacristy the very first Sunday after his arrival in Iwamizawa. On this occasion Mr.

Tall-Pine made a trip to the sacristy, engaged in a monologue, received an apology and marched back out into the sanctuary. My pastor followed,

dutifully carrying the kneeler.

But now who could be the culprit who dared to tangle again with the privileged kneeler? Mr. Tall-Pine arrived at the sanctuary, made a hasty three-quarter genuflection and whipped open the sliding sacristy door. The door is on steel ball bearings, and even the most cautious handling results in a rumbling not unlike a distant snare drum. When Mr. Tall-Pine opened the door, it was like a thunder clap. As he disappeared, I bit my lower lip, and waited for the storm.

Abruptly from the sacristy door, the arm of my pastor shot out, motioning toward the newly acquired catechist. The catechist made a slight, dignified bow. All eyes followed him down the aisle into the sacristy. Within seconds, the flustered catechist reappeared, carrying the kneeler. Mr. Tall-Pine followed, a smile of triumph on his face. Then he made a reverent genuflection — this time right to the floor. Again he was at peace with the world. ■■

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.



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# Bamboo Wireless

New rector of Maryknoll Major Seminary is Father ALBERT V. PEDDERS, of Covington, Ky. He is now head of the Maryknoll Language School in Taichung, Formosa . . . After many years as an invalid, death came to Father EDWARD F. LEPRELLE, of Buffalo, N.Y. Father joined Maryknoll in 1916 . . . 57 new missionaries are being ordained at Maryknoll on June 13. On the following day, thousands from the New York area will be present at Maryknoll to witness the departure of 67 priests and Brothers for foreign posts. You are invited to attend.

\* \* \*

Making its appearance this month is the brand new Maryknoll Book of Peoples, John J. Crawley Co. is the publisher. It is the story of mankind and the different peoples of the world. It was three years in preparation . . . Commanding attention on the market are newly designed editions of the Maryknoll Missal. See them at your bookstore.

\* \* \*

Father BERNARD F. RYAN, of Chicago, has installed a powerful transmitter at his El Paso, Bolivia, radio school. He is now able to reach the whole area about Lake Titicaca, including the Maryknoll territory in Puno, Peru. You can read his story beginning on page 4. His old transmitter has been sent down to Santa Cruz where Father EDWARD T. MANNION, of New York City, hopes to begin a new radio school.

\* \* \*

In our next issue, watch for: The Battle of World Poverty and Plantation Boss. The latter is the story of a Mexican workman and his family . . . Father DANIEL McLELLAN, of Denver, back in US from Peru to consult with CUNA officials and others on his expanding credit unions among the Indians.

\* \* \*

The new Hall of Memories at Maryknoll, N.Y., is proving to be an impressive and inspirational place for visitors. The room contains mementos of Maryknollers who have died violent deaths -- men such as Bishops FORD and BYRNE, and Fathers JERRY DONOVAN, ROBERT J. CAIRNS and WILLIAM J. CUMMINGS, among others. If you are in our Westchester area, drop in for a visit. You are always welcome at Maryknoll!



Fr. Jacob Esselborn of Bellerose, N.Y., teaching Aymara Indians in remote villages via the air waves.

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In the eyes of these men: a hunger for knowledge and a willingness to learn.

# RADIO SAN GABRIEL

**A school-of-the-air resurrects  
20 villages buried in ignorance.**

**BY HAZEL O'HARA**

■ WHEN I crossed the path of Father Bernard Ryan one afternoon in La Paz four years ago, he told me he was being sent to Las Penas on the altiplano to restore the crumbling colonial church and start parish work. An unlikely place

for a gregarious Irishman it seemed to me: that austere world of the Aymara Indians — those high altitude people of the colorful garb and suspicious minds. Today, Father Ryan's radio school-of-the-air is on the way to becoming an absolute "must" for all travelers to La Paz.

The Bolivian altiplano is one of the highest inhabited regions of the world. It is a treeless (almost) plain of some 50,000 square miles undulating at 13,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level between two Andean ramparts, the Western and

Eastern Cordillera. Up in this lofty region under the bluest of skies, one feels a stirring identification with cosmic grandeur. But let the sun withdraw, leaving the chill severity of the plain, and you hanker for lower altitudes.

Las Penas is named after a pile of rocks which provides a little protection against the breath of the snow-peaked giants presiding over this area. In colonial times it was an important town on a main highway. The Spaniards ran up one of their graceful sanctuaries here, adorning it with baroque statuary and an altar plated in gold and silver.

The War for Independence flowed back and forth, often overnighting in Las Penas. But after it was over, history swept off on another tack and Las Penas slipped into the drab obscurity of an Aymara pueblo. The lovely church went quietly to pieces.

The Aymara Indians, whose career on this altiplano goes back into unrecorded time, have been caught in some of history's worst hangovers. They were conquered by the Incas in probably the 12th century; in the 16th century everybody was defeated by the Spaniards. No matter who arrived on the scene, the Aymara lost.

To a great degree the Aymaras remain outside both Church and State. They come out in their best dancing clothes for church festivals, but are minus on doctrine and general attendance. To the national economy they contribute almost nothing, since they possess only the techniques and the desire for subsistence agriculture. Bolivia does

not have a wisp of a chance to become self-supporting until she incorporates her big Indian groups (Aymara and Quechua) into the national economy. The Bolivian population, estimated at 3,200,000, is 65 per cent rural, and the rural people are mainly of pure Indian stock.

The Bolivian Ministry of Rural Affairs has the assistance of a Point IV educational program in developing the elementary rural schools into centers of influence. (There are no rural high schools.) However, the youngsters lose much of what they gain in their three or four years of schooling, because most of them are reclaimed by their environment. It is an understatement to describe the Aymara adults as illiterate. Most of them do not even speak Spanish, the official language of their country.

Father Ryan is chipping in with his radio school for adults. While busy restoring the church, he began to draw into his net various teachers to help him work up a curriculum for the school-of-the-air. The purpose of the school is to teach adult Indians to speak, read and write simple Spanish and to give them instruction in hygiene, sanitation, agricultural methods and home improvement.

Lessons are broadcast from Las Penas and reach the people through loudspeakers installed in 20 villages — from Puerto Perez on Lake Titicaca, 27 kilometers from Las Penas, to Chacacoma, 20 kilometers in the other direction up toward the snowfields of the white range.

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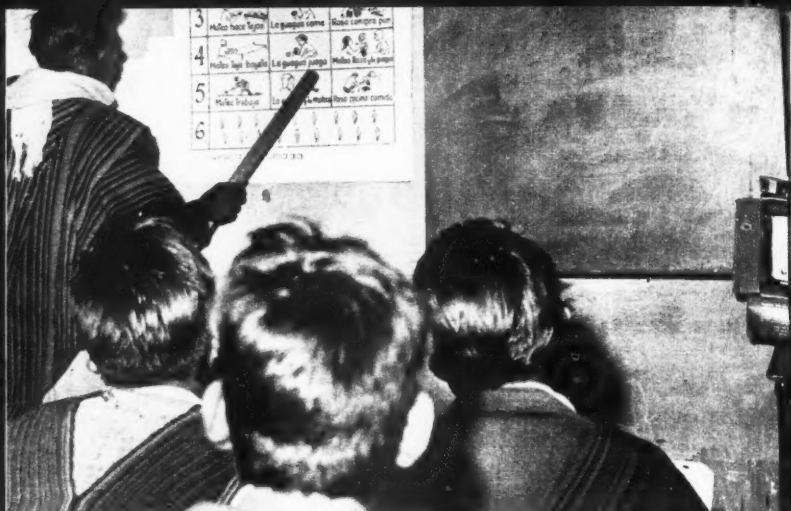


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**Chicago's Fr. Bernard Ryan, mentor of Radio San Gabriel, inspects one of the classes moderated by Aymara teacher.**



**Fr. Ryan trying to convince two alti plano Indians that loudspeakers can transform their minds and their souls.**



As the radio voice (right) gives the Spanish pronunciation, the moderator relates the phrase to a symbol. Then the class repeats the phrase in unison.

equipment to arrive in mid-1955, Father Ryan, Father Jacob Esselborn, and the Aymara-speaking teachers did some lobbying among the Indians, who are notoriously suspicious of any proposal brought to them by outsiders. They visited twenty communities to discuss with the Indians the advantages of speaking Spanish.

Marcelino Ramos, a gifted rural teacher who can interpret the world of his students as a place of wonder, dreamed up the text for the teaching materials. Mario Bejar did the illustrations. The pages were run off by multilith and stapled into sets of primers. Alberto Tardio, visual-aid technician, used the silk-screen process to make large wall charts of each page.

These three Bolivians are em-

ployed by the Point IV educational program. The teaching materials they prepared for Las Penas have been praised by Ph.D.'s as ideal for the job to be done. They have been advertised around the world by *Multiplier*, a publication on visual aids put out by the International Cooperation Administration.

Loudspeakers were installed in September, 1956, and the school went on the air for a trial run of three months. Father Ryan selected 55 of the bright young men, choosing those who knew some Spanish, for training at Las Penas as moderators. Training included operation of the small receiving set and of the alarm clock. The latter is a necessary part of the equipment in these timeless villages to give the signal that school is on the air.



Classes are held early in the morning or in the late afternoon to catch the Aymaras before they go out to the fields or after they return. The last time I visited the school, we went to the Tiquia hacienda. The shimmering corrugated roof of this hacienda was just across the fields, but we had to go around by a road designed to break not only the springs, but the heart of any jeep. The countryside looked like the land of Oz. The fields were scarlet and purple and orange with ripened quinoa, a plant which grows in high altitudes. Figures of the harvesters accented the scene with splashes of bright blues, yellows and pinks.

As we rounded the drab adobe wall, we heard the sounds of teaching. Our arrival brought the two moderators and the class out of the school, which was no more than a storage shed. The more important men gave each of us an embrace and quickly returned to their studies.

The room was windowless and dim, but there was a certain brightness to it — the brightness which shines from any man who is reaching out with his intellect, whether he be a scientist already far advanced in knowledge or an Aymara farmer striving to decipher symbols on a white wall chart: *Maria prepara la comida*. The dark faces framed in the gay altiplano caps were focused, like human cameras, on the instruction — the words coming from the radio and the pointer of the moderator moving across the chart.

"*Vamos a pronunciar estas oraciones en buena forma y con todo cuidado,*" (Let us repeat these sentences care-

fully) said the voice: "*Maria prepara la comida*" (Maria is getting dinner) . . . and the class responded with a happy shout "*Maria prepara la comida!*" As they continued down the list of sentences, the radio teacher would intersperse "*muy bien*" and other doses of encouragement. It was almost as if he were watching them from that radio when he began "*En cual linea ocurre comida?*" He waited for them to locate the line in which the word *comida* occurred. Then they shouted back to him a lusty "*linea una!*" At the end of the questions and answers, music rose with a swoop to tell them they had done well.

There were 70 Aymara men signed up at Tiquia for the morning and evening classes, and some children were "sneaking in" since there was no school in the area for them. After the students gain a basic knowledge of the written symbols, they begin work on their notebooks, learning to sign their names and to copy the text and illustrations. Notebooks are turned in and graded at the missionary headquarters in Las Penas. Father Ryan says he first began to feel certain the school was having substantial impact on the Indians when a delegation came to Las Penas to complain that lessons were being repeated. By this, the students showed an eagerness to go on to more advanced work.

The name of this school is *Escuela Radiofonica San Gabriel*. What could be more appropriate than the Angel of the Annunciation sponsoring a school-of-the-air which offers the Aymaras a means to their earthly redemption? ■ ■

Excerpts from the talk given  
at Bishop Comber's consecration

BY RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING



# The Book Stands Open

■WHEN Bishop James Walsh and Father Thomas F. Price founded the American Catholic Foreign Mission Society they made, under God, one of the greatest American contributions to the Church Universal. Prior to that time we were contributing only token alms and personnel.

Having survived the poverty and penury of its early years, the Society has grown within a half century into one of the great missionary movements of modern times. Numbering thousands of members and friends engaged in, preparing for or helping the divine work of extending the frontiers of God's Kingdom, this apostolic army has become a national movement inspiring clergy and laity to look beyond the horizons of parishes and dioceses, home and country, to lands and multitudes not yet reached by the gospel of Christ. In recognition of Maryknoll's glorious past and future promises, His Holiness, good Pope

John XXIII, has called the fourth and present Superior General, Most Reverend John Comber, to the fullness of the priesthood. . . .

The point which I must emphasize in this day of discouragement, doubt and defeatism is dramatized by all the circumstances of the consecration of Bishop Comber. We hear a great deal of talk of how old our civilization is, of how weary our inspiration has become, of how spent are the forces, not merely of our culture but of the Faith which gave it energy. In Europe and Latin America we detect a subtle fear, depressing and paralyzing, that Christendom may be too ancient and Christianity too venerable to fire the minds and to inspire the wills of men. . . .

We hear the mournful wails: Why continue foreign missions? How can they survive before "Masters of Deceit"? Are not China and other parts of the Far East already lost?

Are not Africa, India and many small nations restless beyond containment? Have we not lost the battle against materialism? Are not the real missionaries of our century those who promise worldly security and advancement and carry the hammer and the sickle in place of the crucifix? . . .

In the consecration of Bishop Comber, we see the contradiction to all this defeatist and discouraging talk so common in our day. In this new bishop, we see the answer to the charge that the Church has grown too ancient and her leadership too old. In the ever spring-like spirit of the consecration prayers, the anointings, the prefaces and the ceremonies, the strengthening oils, the resplendent vestments, the joyous *Te Deum*, we see the counter-indications to all the alleged symptoms that inspiration has run low and that the future is filled with fears.

The Church is not old. The Church is not weak. The Church is not approaching its end. It is all the other way: The Church is young as this bishop is young. The Church is strong because the energies of the missionary society which trained him are strong. Within less than fifty years it has scattered its forces into five continents. The Church has an unlimited work to do. Almost beyond number are those to whom she is sent and who constitute at once her challenge and her true strength. We can never speak of her in accents of lament.

On the contrary, the Christian perspective suggests an entirely different vocabulary from that of old age, of weariness, of exhausted

forces, of twilight and of decline. The perspective of the missionary, of one who understands the Church, the parables of Christ and the dreams of the apostles, focuses his attention not on the brief and bitter past, but on the ever-expanding future, bewildering perhaps, but bewildering because of its infinite opportunities for growth and for achievement, not because of its possible problems or any grounds for fear.

The vocation of the missionary never permits him to suppose that the last page has been turned and that the book is about to be closed; it teaches him that even now, after two thousand years, we have scarcely finished the first page of Church history and the whole book still lies before us to be written. The prophecies are far from fulfilled; the preaching of the Gospel is only at its beginning. The end of the world is not at hand and a distant harvest is even now in view. The Kingdom of Christ is still in its infancy on earth; the seed has scarcely been sown. We need more workers, more Maryknollers, more missionaries, and more friends and benefactors with more enthusiasm, more confidence in God.

The mood of discouragement that seems to paralyze so many in our day; the feeling that the end of all is at hand, and that the tide has gone out to stay, is no new phenomenon. In every age self-appointed prophets have shouted from the housetops that the end of the world was close at hand. They were wrong.

Scientists tell us that the world took at least a hundred thousand

years to prepare for the human race, that mankind was many thousands of years old before the Incarnation — the coming of the God-Man, the Divine Mediator between sin-ridden creatures and their Creator. Could there be so long a prelude for only nineteen hundred years of the reign of Christ in His Mystical Body?

Does the command of Christ, "Going, therefore, teach all nations!" sound like a last minute appeal that came within two thousand years of the close of history? Does it not sound rather like a calm, almost timeless command akin to that at the dawn of creation by which God charged our first parents to increase and multiply and fill the earth in order that in a second and more sublime hour of creation there might be opened up an indefinite period of spiritual regeneration?

Ah no, those who think of the Christian era as declining, of its sands as running out, its tide ebbing and its day shortened, have lost the vision of God's plan for His Christ and for His Church. They have failed to understand the secret meaning of Christ's symbols and God's word. A thousand years with God are as a watch in the night, an hour or two — no more — and in His plan for His Church the two thousand years of Christian history to date are but the first few moments.

Christianity then is not old, but young. The Church is not at the harvest, it is still at the planting. Christendom is not ancient and dispirited, and its history is not behind us in old civilizations and nations

— it is before us in new worlds, in new nations yet to be born, in the missions staffed by Maryknollers where youth is symbolized by the fullness of the priesthood conferred on their Superior General. He is not an heir to a diminished and dying heritage. He is Superior of a Society destined to expand and to grow, a father of a great missionary era that is coming to birth. He is not a descendant of a jaded, spent lineage; he is an ancestor of apostles to be. . . .

The eternally youthful Church, which today raises Father John Comber to a place of leadership in her expanding action, does not consecrate him a bishop to be a historian of her past, but to be the herald of her future. She does not see him as the guardian of Maryknoll's accumulated deposit of glorious history; she hails him as the prophet of the centuries of spiritual conquests which are yet to be. She does not anoint him and deck him in all the glory of mitres and jewels and princely vestments in order that he may sing her requiem or bemoan her passing. She does these things that he may trumpet forth the proclamations of her new birth in our age. . . .

She has chosen this bishop from among her bravest and her best not to perpetuate mere memories of missionary activities in the places where the Church has already been established. She has consecrated him that she may continue to send Maryknollers into every region in which they preach Christ . . . to plant the seed of the Kingdom in preparation for His harvest. ■■

# Rendezvous with Bernarda

How could a sick woman make two wicked men change their ways?

BY BERNARD L. O'BRIEN, M.M.

■ THE cancer started with a small sore on Bernarda's face and then slowly spread. The doctor at the parish clinic here in Licanten, Chile, said there was no drug that would relieve her pains. Even during painful convulsions, Bernarda offered her pain for sinners as Father Foody had taught her.

In the parish were two men who controlled large farms and were responsible for most of the campaigns against the Church. They were continual sources of bad example. Both these men boasted of not having gone to confession for more than 30 years. They made life difficult for both their families who practiced their Faith. For the conversion of these two men Bernarda offered her sufferings — even her life.

In time Bernarda had to cover her face, even to receive Communion. Not even the doctors could look at her without revulsion; Bernarda who had befriended even the worst outcast, was herself an outcast.

One night a rider came to the rectory. One of the scoffers had suffered a heart attack; the family begged the priest to come. Father Foody took the Blessed Sacrament and went to the house. The stricken

man, paralyzed by a stroke, could only struggle to indicate that he did not scoff any more at confession; he showed every sign of trying to tell his sins, but he could not. At dawn Mass was offered in the chapel opposite the dying man's house.

Suddenly the second of the non-believers was in the chapel, humbly asking to have his confession heard. He too received Communion. After Mass both families hurried to the sick man's side and all knelt — even the former scoffer — and began the Rosary. At eight that morning the sick man died. He who had ridiculed religion stayed longest in prayer.

Later one of the children came running into the parish yard with tears in his eyes. "Father, Bernarda died this morning at eight o'clock." ■ ■

## THE BEST WAY

to send money to a Maryknoll  
missioner overseas is to mail  
it to Maryknoll, New York.  
We get it to him safely.



Fr. Louis Bayless of San Jose, Calif., gives a pep talk to his soccer players just before the whistle.



These curious Bakuria boys will study mechanics in a Maryknoll trade school.

# AFRICAN

## *Whiz Kids*

■ THERE are hundreds of them — the Tom Sawyer's, Eloise's and Beaver's of the African bush — crowding around Maryknoll mission compounds in a spirit of organized mischief. Whether listening to a story, kicking a soccer ball, or just plain "foolin' around," they manage to get into everything. And like children the world over, when they wiggle into your heart, they stay there. ■■



**A missionary with a camera can always count on a crowd.**

**Best way to round up a Confirmation class?  
A shining motorcycle!**



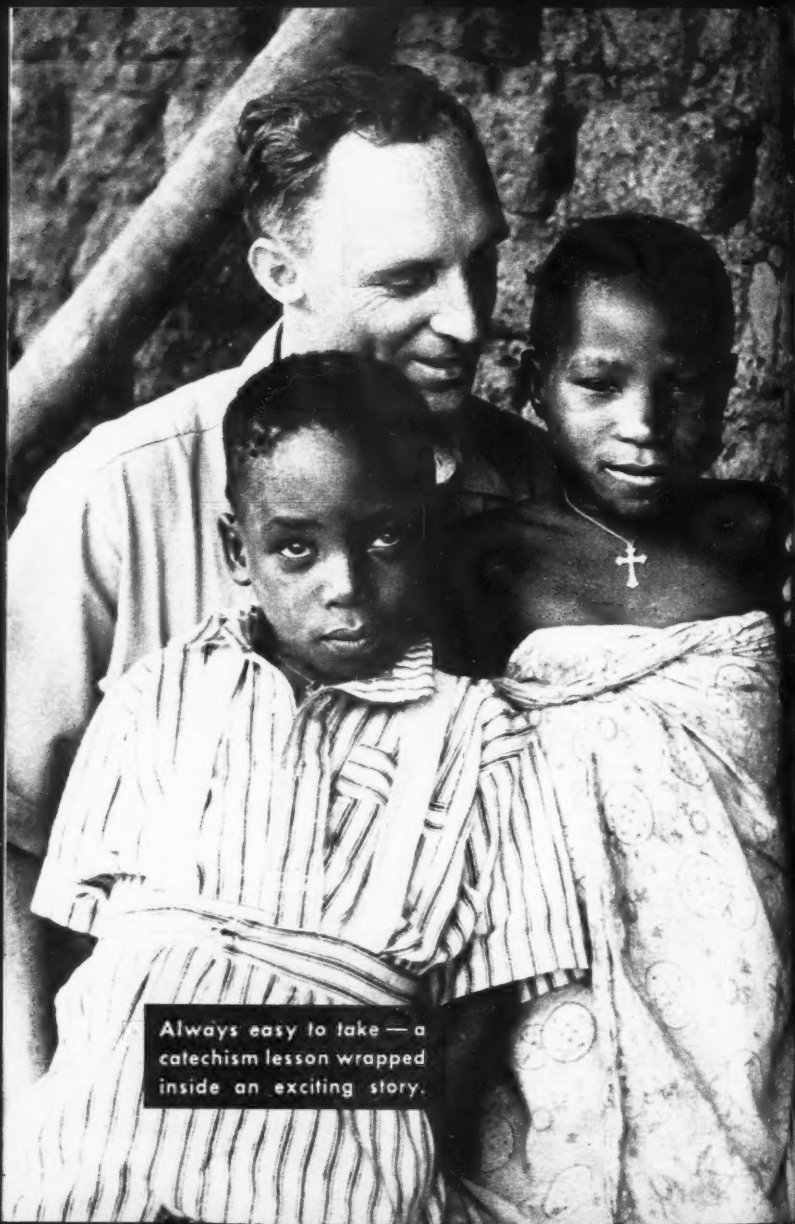


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Bro. Damien Walsh of Wheeling,  
W. Va., with an armful of smiles.



Always easy to take — a catechism lesson wrapped inside an exciting story.



**Fr. Ramon McCabe of Madelia, Minn., challenged to a 50-yd. dash by a sprinter from Musoma.**

**Trying her best to support the missionaries, this winsome lass brings a gift of fresh eggs.**



**Highpoint of every month — when Maryknollers cut each other's hair.**





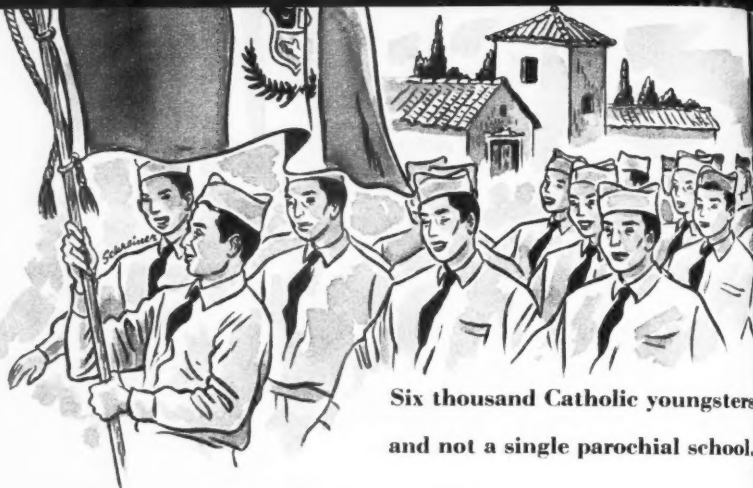
**No matter how high the boot, African pebbles always find an opening (above)  
In the African bush pulling a strong bow (below) is often the key to survival**





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No class is complete without a dog  
that just "happened" to wander in.



Six thousand Catholic youngsters  
and not a single parochial school.

# March into Tomorrow

BY JOSEPH R. LANG, M.M.

■ ONE clear sunny morning I watched three thousand children — from the ages of six to eighteen or nineteen — march in the Peruvian Independence Day parade. Colorful were the boys from the Colegios of San Carlos and San Ambrosio in their best khaki with their flight caps; the girls from the Colegio of Santa Rosa in their best blue jackets and skirts; the small tots from the other schools dressed in their immaculate white dresses with a little blue kerchief around their necks.

As I watched this parade, I saw the future Church of our diocese of Puno where Maryknollers must care for more than 131,000 people. If

we win these boys and girls to our side, then the Church in Peru's altiplano will have a foundation.

Here in Puno city, a group of lay women known as the Handmaids of Jesus the Worker are daily in the public grammar schools teaching boys and girls the ABC's of the Faith. In the high schools the Fathers from the parish of San Juan almost daily are in contact with the older students. A priest of the parish has been placed over the religious instruction of the youth in all of Puno's public schools. With the aid of the Handmaids of Jesus the Worker and other devoted Catholic lay women, the numerous public



schools in Puno are taken care of. The priest's work does not stop when the last afternoon bell rings. On several nights a week he teaches the fundamentals of the Faith to young lads in a night school. On one night he is able, with the help of Father Robert Golish, to teach older men in the trade school. These men, although they be thirty or forty, are still making their way through the catechism. Their age is not against them; they are as eager to learn as the youngsters.

In Azangaro, outside Puno, the pastor is up early, eager to busy himself in the adobe classrooms of the various grammar schools in his pueblo. He may begin his teaching day by asking a little girl dressed in a ragged dress and no shoes, "Who made the world?" or he may be addressing himself to an older group of boys and instructing them how to administer the Sacrament of Baptism in danger of death. All in a day's work. Fortunately, in his small village he has received very wonderful cooperation from the lay teachers in the schools.

In Ayaviri parish to the north of Lake Titicaca, three Maryknollers are doing a first class job by visiting every day the various schools in the village. They get the boys and girls to put their catechism lessons into

action by attending Sunday Mass. During the week every pupil gets a small card. Each school has its own color. The card is divided into sufficient blocks to take care of a period of five months. During Sunday Mass the boys and girls give their cards to the ushers. During the week the cards are stamped and returned to their rightful owners.

This record system is an incentive for the young ones to attend Mass — which they considered an invention of the American Padres.

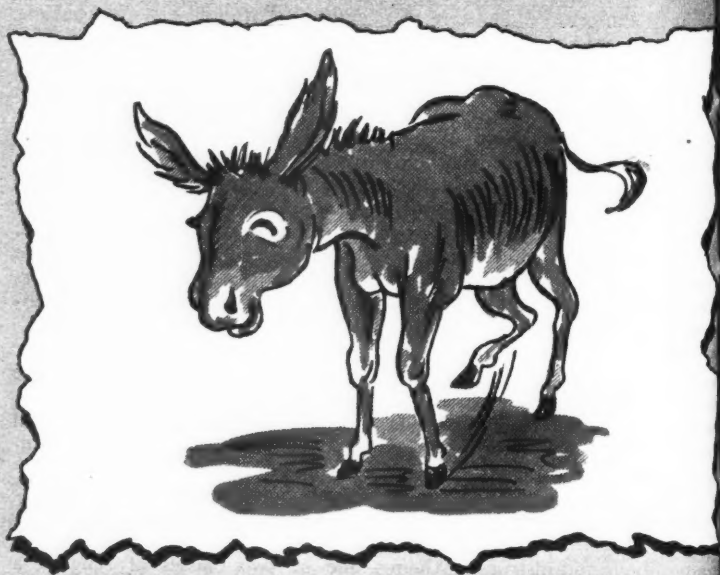
We have great hope for the near future that each one of our five parishes in Puno will soon be laying the foundations for parochial schools. In order to keep Christianity on the march here in the altiplano parish schools are a must.

As it is now, even though we are able to give these boys and girls one or two classes of religion a week, they grow into young men and women who can be influenced to become indifferent to the Church, to become semi-pagans, to become men and women of the world instead of men and women of God. All depends on their formative years. Our hope is that their formative years will be Catholic ones.

I can still see the youth of Puno diocese marching, marching into a Catholic tomorrow. ■ ■

# WHO'S COMPLAININ'?

BY ESTRELLITO



*Buenas días, amigo. Nice to meet you. I am called Estrellito. Is a funny name, no?*

■ ALWAYS keeping an eye open for a good story, Father Charles F. McCarthy, M.M. of San Francisco, Calif., bumped into an Indian artist in Cochabamba, Bolivia. He showed him a copy of MARYKNOLL magazine and asked him to develop an illustrated article. The artist stepped into his backyard and began sketching his daughter, Alicia, and her pet donkey, Estrellito. . . .





But you see, there is a reason:  
I was born on Christmas Eve  
in a tiny stable. My beautiful  
name, it means "Little Star."

... my first  
stories are of Alicia.  
We talked to each  
other all the time, and  
to make her laugh I  
would do anything.



Si, amigo . . . I  
would kick like a  
mule and strut  
like a charger!  
And Alicia, she  
just claps her  
hands and shouts:  
"Ole, Estrellito!"



Then one day,  
caramba! Upon my back  
the fair Alicia put  
a heavy blanket and said  
"The time has come for  
you to haul wood!"

"Que pasa?" I screeched.  
"Me? Estrellito? Haul  
wood?" I ruffled up and  
puffed like a dragon.  
Alicia, she is *mu*y  
frightened!



But amigo,  
it does not give  
easy. Next  
she ties a halter  
around  
its pretty neck. So  
just rear back  
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Finally . . . Alicia, she gives up. She throws both arms around me and sighs: "Ah Estrellito, since you were born on Christmas, perhaps God does not want you to carry wood. From now on, your work is only to make little children happy!" And so, *amigo*, I am an *estrellito*, no?

THE END

# What No One Else Can Do!



In mission outposts on three continents, Maryknollers desperately depend on catechists to give them the extra hands and the extra feet to cover their vast mission parishes and reach every last one of the tens of thousands under their care.

Catechists teach those studying for

baptism. They run the mission schools. They lead the people in their prayers when the missionary is off in another corner of the territory. They are the dedicated helpers of the priest who labors for a pittance to bring their countrymen into the Church. Their monthly salary is \$20.

## The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

- ☐ I enclose \$..... to help provide a catechist's salary for a Maryknoller in the mission land I have circled below.
- ☐ Send me a monthly reminder and I shall try to repeat this each month.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

|        |         |           |         |             |        |
|--------|---------|-----------|---------|-------------|--------|
| KOREA  | JAPAN   | HONG KONG | FORMOSA | PHILIPPINES | CHILE  |
| HAWAII | YUCATAN | GUATEMALA | PERU    | BOLIVIA     | AFRICA |



# What makes Maryknoll tick

BY JOHN M. MARTIN, M.M.

■ TO WHAT forces may be attributed the rapid growth in the number of Maryknoll's missionaries? An obvious and correct answer is the grace of God, working in the hearts of young men of your neighborhood and many others. But among the human agencies influencing the growth of the Society, the list must be headed by MARYKNOLL magazine, originally called THE FIELD AFAR.

This publication was founded in 1907, four years before the Maryknoll society, by Father James Anthony Walsh. At that time, Father Walsh realized that the knowledge of the foreign missions among Americans was pitifully inadequate; he envisioned THE FIELD AFAR as providing a steady stream of mission information throughout this country.

When Maryknoll itself was established the little magazine had a still more concrete message to herald across America. Its pages made known the activities of the new mission group, down to the pigs and chickens in the seminary barnyard.

Through the good will of bishops and priests, Maryknollers are per-

mitted to speak in churches on the work of their confreres overseas. Talks on the Maryknoll vocation are likewise given in our parochial schools. But the real growth of Maryknoll must be attributed to the long years of educational influence wielded by MARYKNOLL magazine.

Each issue also produces a two-fold effect for Catholic dioceses in the United States:

\*By reading about conditions in mission countries, American Catholics become more appreciative of their own parishes and, consequently, more generous toward them.

\*A knowledge of the priestly life inspires many young Americans to enter diocesan seminaries, verifying the statement of Pope Pius XI: "For every boy who leaves to go to the foreign missions, God will raise two to take his place at home."

There is no doubt that in order for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America to continue, its magazine must flourish. But it is good to know that not only Maryknoll but the entire Church in this country benefits from it. ■ ■



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# Buddha in Hong Kong

A PHOTO SKETCH BY WILLIAM P. MULCAHY, M.M.



■ ON one of Hong Kong's highest hills, in the Sha Tin district, stands the *Temple of the Ten Thousand Buddhas*. Actually, there are more than twelve thousand statues, each about six feet high (left). Thousands of little statues (right) are memorials to any Buddhist who donates at least \$20 for upkeep of the pagoda. ■ ■

JULY, 1959









# Our New Bishop

■ WHEN Pope John XXIII elevated our Superior General to the episcopacy in January, everyone at Maryknoll was quite excited. Everyone, that is, except the Superior General. He appeared at breakfast on the morning of his appointment — only a few minutes after we had heard the news over the radio — and with a shy, hesitant smile that is quite characteristic, said: "I want you all to know that this great honor is not meant for me. It belongs to Maryknoll . . . to all of our missionaries who are doing such great things for Christ."

This was not the first time Bishop Comber casually disassociated himself from personal achievement. Nor was it the first time he had used the expression "great things for Christ." Throughout his long and colorful career as a Maryknoller, this phrase more than any other, has been on his lips. Whether delivering a sermon, closing a letter or initiating mission policy, "great things for Christ" have been the reservoir for all of his endeavors.

It is a phrase that is still remembered by his parishioners in the mountains of Tung Hua, Manchuria, where he labored from 1931 until his internment by the Japanese ten years later. It was the recurring theme of his Saturday night conferences to our major seminarians when

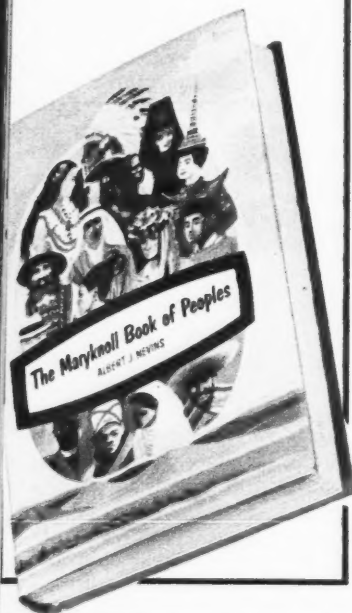
he served as their Rector for nine years until his assignment to Chile in 1953. After being elected Superior General of the society three years later, his first message to the 1,400 priests, Brothers and seminarians subject to him was: "My election does not signify any change in your activities . . . you will continue to do great things for Christ. . . ."

A large segment of America's hierarchy came to Maryknoll on April 9th, to witness his consecration in the new Queen of Apostles Chapel. Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York was consecrator, with Bishop Martin McNamara of Joliet and Bishop Raymond Lane, former Superior General of Maryknoll, serving as co-consecrators. Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston delivered the sermon and captured the missionary instincts of Bishop Comber by referring to his episcopal motto: "*Euntes docete omnes nationes.*" — "Going, teach ye all nations."

During the past six months, many letters of congratulations have been received from the readers of MARYKNOLL. Bishop Comber has asked the editors to acknowledge your prayers and good wishes. In his own words: "I wish you would thank all of the Maryknoll family — our friends and benefactors who keep the work going. Tell them they are doing great things for Christ." ■ ■

"The road to world peace  
is the street where we  
ourselves live."

— CARDINAL CUSHING



# THE MARYKNOLL BOOK OF PEOPLES

by Albert J. Nevins, M.M.

What's the difference between a race and a nationality? How are the Indians of South America related to the Lapps of Russia? Do you know . . . and *do your children know?*

Father Nevins' wonderfully readable book takes you on a tour around the world . . . shows you how the family of man started — separated — and came together again to form the nations as we now know them. Fascinating family reading, full of facts, stories, photographs — a "must" for your reference shelf!

Price \$4.95

Maryknoll Publications, Maryknoll, N. Y.

47

Send me . . . . . copies of THE MARYKNOLL BOOK OF PEOPLES.

My name . . . . .

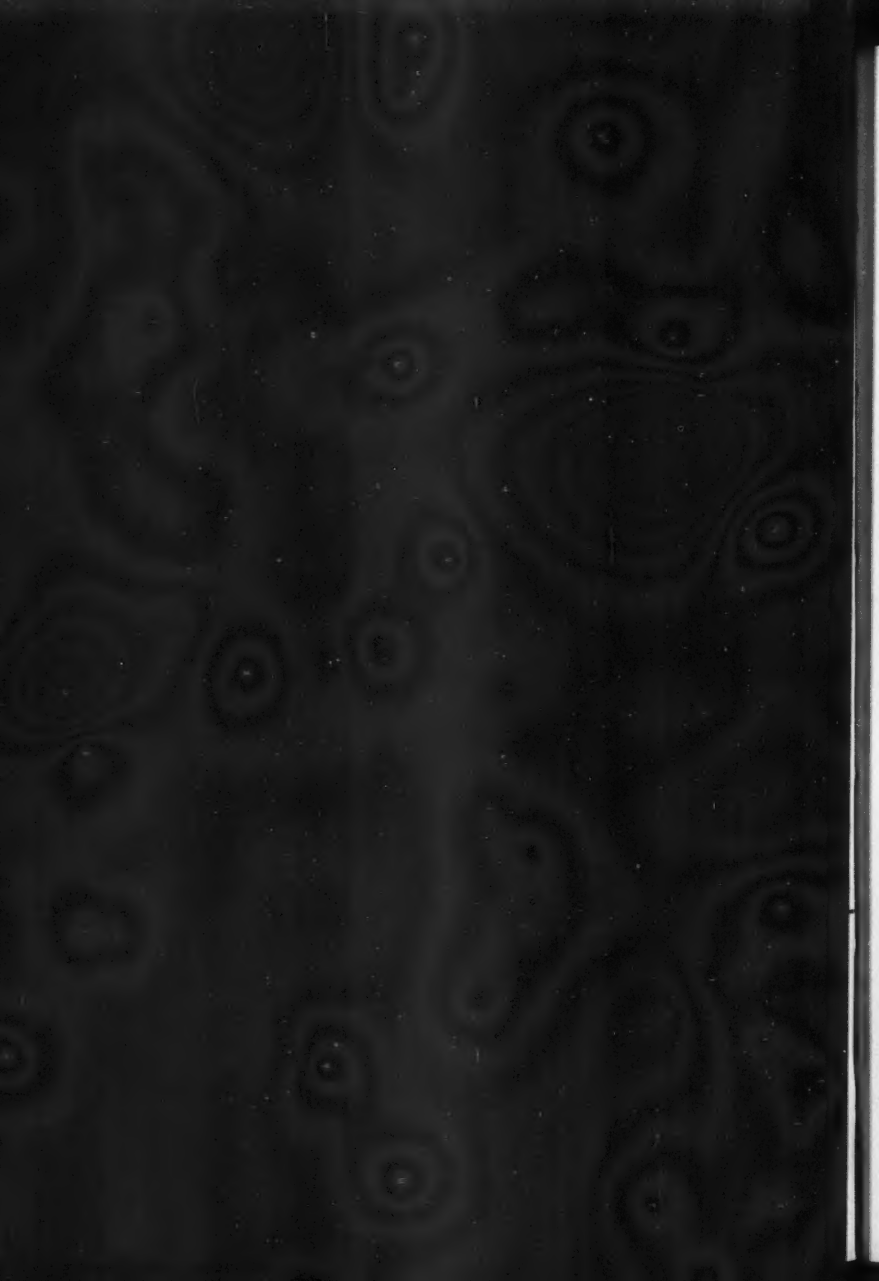
Address . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .

☐ Money enclosed

☐ Bill me







First graders at Sacred Heart School in Honolulu offer a lesson to other Americans. These children of Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino and Portuguese stock recognize only one race — the human race.

## An Amazing Contretemps

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ ABOUT this time each year, the drum beaters for Communist China begin practicing their rolls and flourishes in preparation for the annual drive aimed at seating Red China in the United Nations. Each year the drum corps has been gaining recruits, but few have had the importance of the National Council of Churches which, at its Fifth World Order Congress held in Cleveland late last year, passed a resolution urging American recognition of Red China and the inclusion of that government in the United Nations. In the controversy that followed the announcement, the National Council of Churches took the position that the delegates spoke only for those present at the conference, which nevertheless was officially called and was composed of delegates chosen by the member Protestant denominations.

If this spectacle of the left hand denying knowledge of the right hand was confusing, the nature of the resolution passed by a supposedly theological group was confusion compounded. Where one would expect a reasoned theological approach based on Christian morality, we find a calculated and specious argument of political ex-

pediency full of misstatements, misapprehensions and *non sequiturs*, totally ignoring the weight of evidence provided by their own missionaries. That a group of Protestant intellectual leaders could produce such a piece of naiveté is not only astonishing but frightening. Let us examine the four reasons given by the resolution as to why non-recognition is ineffective.

*"It helps to preserve a false image of the United States and of other nations in the minds of Chinese people."* The Chinese people are an enslaved people suffering under a spiritual and intellectual tyranny never before experienced in China. Their only hope for liberation lies in the free world. They look to America to save them, a fact that has been testified to by expelled missionary after expelled missionary. To recognize the tyrants who dominate every moment of their lives would be a betrayal that would completely destroy China's concept of America. The Chinese people want Americans to resist their Communist leaders. They have no false image of our belief in individual liberty.

*"It keeps our people in ignorance*

MARYKNOLL

of what is taking place in China." This is not true. We know much more of what is taking place inside China, which we do not recognize, than we do about Russia, which we do recognize. Recognition will make no more information available to the American people than there is available now.

*"It hampers negotiations for disarmament."* Because of the history of negotiations with the Soviet bloc, it is hard to believe that any responsible group could make such a statement. Communism does not compromise; negotiations with Communists are not possible.

*"It limits the functioning of international organizations."* This is another amazing argument. In view of the obstructionism of the Soviet Union, the long line of Communist vetoes and the road-blocks thrown up in the way of every international conference, the admission of Red China would only be creating new obstacles and strengthening the Soviet position.

But if the above reasons are the epitome of naive simplicity, the concluding sentence of the resolution is beyond belief. *"We have a strong hope that the resumption of relationships . . . may make possible also a restoration of relationships between their churches and ours."* That the delegates of the World Order Conference do not know that there is no free Church left in China is incomprehensible.

Mr. Ernest A. Goss and the other Protestant leaders who engineered this resolution have done a disservice to religion and human liberty. ■ ■

JULY, 1959

# Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

Address:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.**

"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States . . . Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."

— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday  
Address to American Catholics



Never-Still Woman pauses to chat with Sister.

# NOW IS NIRVANA

BY  
SISTER JANE IMELDA

■ "CAN'T stop," Mrs. Liou mumbled, as she hurried along. "So much to do — and not enough time!" She tossed the words out hastily, as I stumbled after her. Perhaps she listened to what I said; perhaps she didn't.

What made her so fearfully restless? The problem haunted me.

Then one day, after the Chinese New Year, a figure hustled past me on the road. It was Mrs. Liou in her holiday *sam-fou*.

"Where are you going, Liou Pac Mae?" I called out in the familiar greeting of wayfarers.

"To my *moe-ka*, of course," she answered, looking back.

"To your girlhood home, of

course!" I responded jovially, as though I had forgotten this was the day the womenfolk paid their New Year visit to their parents, brothers and sisters. "But where is it?"

"Blue Water Village — Lee Vouc." Her words were as brisk as her walk. I was practically skipping to keep in step with her.

"Ooh!" I exclaimed. "The big house where Lee Si Pac — that wonderful man — is head of the clan. And where do you come in the family? How many brothers and sisters?"

"I'm Number-Six-Girl," she replied. "We're six sisters and three younger brothers."

There we were at the crossroads.

MARYKNOLL



Mrs. Liou hustled on, and I turned off towards the marketplace.

"Kou-Niong! Come in and warm yourself." It was Lim Ma-li-a's hearty voice. She stood in the doorway of her husband's carpentry shop.

"Aren't you going to your *moe-ka*?" I asked in surprise.

"Of course," she laughed. "But it's not so far to Blue Water."

"Liou Pac Mae just passed me down the road a bit. She's going to Blue Water, too, but she was hurrying."

"Ai-yaaaa!" she drew out the exclamation to keep time with the shrug of her shoulders. "Wouldn't you know Liou Ah-Liouc would be hurrying — even on a holiday!"

"You know her well, then?" By this time I was settled on the little bamboo stool Ma-li-a pushed from under the table for me.

"Know her! Why, we grew up together!" Ma-li-a paused and added, "Of course, we weren't together during the years she spent with the Buddhist nuns at Virtuous Mountain Monastery. . ."

The years rolled back, and I was in Blue Water, looking at lively little Ah-Liouc-Mae (Number-Six-Daughter) — that was the whole trouble. Six daughters — and no sons. "It's a curse," some people said. "Surely, the gods are displeased."

Mrs. Lee promised that Number-Six-Daughter would be dedicated to Kwan Yin and reared at the monastery if a son was born.

The seventh child was a son; so were the eighth and the ninth. That was how Ah-Liouc-Mae happened

to spend seven years of her childhood with the Buddhist nuns at Virtuous Mountain Monastery.

Ah-Liouc was a curious little girl. She listened to the chatter of visitor . . . the explanation of Buddhist beliefs . . . and gradually she pieced together a picture of the Buddhist after-life, of possible rebirths in other forms. The thought was frightening but fascinating. What gripped Ah-Liouc most, however, was the strange talk of "nirvana" — the ultimate goal, a place of complete immobility, absence of desire and dissolving into nothingness. The dread of such a fate settled in her heart.

Eventually Ah-Liouc became the wife of Liou Tet Fouc, moved to his home and raised a family of her own — four boys and two girls, all of whom are married now.

Somehow, some day, I told myself, I must tell Mrs. Liou about God's revelation.

At the end of the year, Liou Ah-Liouc had a bad fall. She was immobilized for six long weeks, disgruntled, fearful, unhappy. At first she would say no more than "Hmmp!" when I stopped by to see her. But at the end of the second week she spoke of her fears. It was the time I had waited for.

"There's no such thing as that nirvana you're worrying about," I assured her. "Why, there's wonderful activity in heaven."

How heartening this was to Mrs. Liou! When she got better, she bustled over to the convent every day for lessons in the catechism and prayers. She was one to take heaven by storm.



**casting  
your  
bread  
upon  
the  
waters...**



**When Maryknoll Sisters heal the sick, feed the hungry, teach the ignorant, they throw YOUR bread upon the waters. It comes back to you, we know, in a thousand un-buy-able blessings.**

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**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

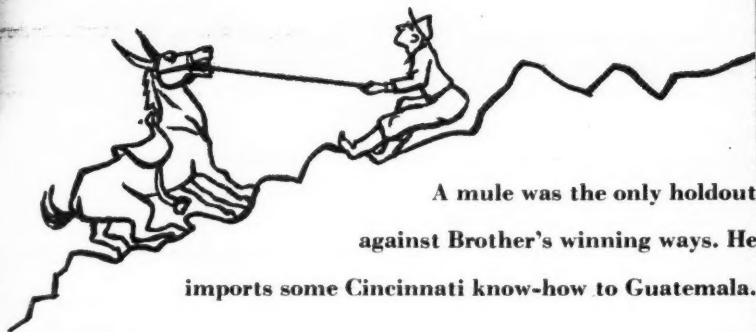
Here is \$..... to aid your work of mercy throughout the world.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$.....each month  
for this purpose. I realize I can stop this at any time.



A mule was the only holdout  
against Brother's winning ways. He  
imports some Cincinnati know-how to Guatemala.

# With Tarzan and My Tools

BY CARL PULS, M.M.

■ WITH a guide to show me the way I started the eight-hour trip nearly straight down. Santa Eulalia is about ten thousand feet high, and Barillas is about thirty-five hundred feet. I always get a kick out of traveling in Guatemala. To see the majesty of the surrounding mountains, the boulder-strewn trail, the rushing streams, the birds, the flowers, trees, blue skies — all this makes me feel great to be alive and to see God's hand in everything.

About four hours from Barillas, Tarzan (a borrowed mule) decided he had had enough. He just wouldn't go any more! Shoot, I hadn't pushed him; and many a place, I had walked to give him a breather and to stretch my legs. I hate to use a whip and never use spurs. But this time I cut a branch and started to use it on

this escapee from the underworld.

Finally I had to do what he wanted, which was to lead him and not ride him. Eventually I got there and had to drink down all the water that Father Dan McLeod had boiled.

Next day I started to do the plumbing work in the new rectory. Father Dan had beaten me here by three weeks and had things rolling. The climate is ideal here. If it rains, it really pours for about two or so hours, and then the sun comes out. Everything stays green all year round.

The people get two crops of corn here; they also raise sugar cane, tobacco, coffee and beans. They could make plenty of money if they had a better way of getting their products to market than by mules! Begonias here grow five feet tall. And there are many geraniums, lilies, roses and orchids. Coffee gives the fresh air a spicy tang.

Father Dan was having a busy day, seeing that his muleteers were coming in on time to supply the workers building the rectory. Plumbing fixtures came in the same way. Luckily I have a rigid die-and-cutter set that was donated by some benefactor of Maryknoll. My work was lots easier than

Father Dan's. He was pulling teeth one minute, arranging a baptism the next, and then fixing up a fellow's jaw that had been cut open in a fight. Yet, with it all, he kept a happy air. I asked him how he liked it in Barillas. He said he really liked it because of the many opportunities to help people.

Nowhere else have I seen the people so eager to learn about the religion and come to church. They had been without a priest for a long time. I could see why Father liked everything about Barillas so much.

From four to five in the afternoon he had a doctrine class for about thirty-five boys and girls and adults. It sounded like a beehive, with all of them responding in unison!

### THE HOLY FATHER

wishes every Catholic to pray for the missions and to be a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Consult your Diocesan Director.

Then they came out of church to play with Brother. They were a likable bunch of kids. First we played tug of war; the little girls stood

behind me, and the boys were on the other end. You can guess who won.

During Holy Week Father Dan asked me if I would teach the people to sing the responses. Well, the people here now know how Andy Devine sounds! I had to laugh after the Holy Thursday evening Mass was over. The secretary stopped me and said, "How solemn it was — why, it was just as good as Guatemala City."

My two weeks' work in Barillas was finished. I left one morning, this time on a rented horse. ■ ■

## INDY ANN - INVENTOR





*In a special letter entitled "The Gift of Faith," Pope Pius XII made an appeal for*

## More Missioners For **AFRICA**

The Holy See assigned Maryknoll to work in Africa in 1946. At that time, there were 8,000 Catholics in the Maryknoll area. Today there are more than 25,000 Catholics in the same area. Maryknollers staff two dioceses in Tanganyika, the big game country of Central East Africa. More missioners are needed. How about you?



**Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York**

7-9

Dear Fathers:

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Age.....School.....Grade.....



WORKERS AROUND THE WORLD

# CARPENTER ON DEZA STREET

BY RICHARD M. QUINN, M.M.

■ CARLOS Roca is a man who looks a person straight in the eye when he talks. A cabinetmaker by trade, he earns a good livelihood for his family by Peruvian standards. By any country's standards, he would be called a "solid citizen."

As a skilled craftsman, Carlos enjoys his work and takes pride in a job well done. He believes that labor with the hands ennobles a man. "Saint Joseph worked with his hands," he says, "and he is a great saint of the Church."

For as long as he can remember, Carlos has liked to create things

from bare wood. In Arequipa, Peru, where he was born 42 years ago, he attended a trade school after six years of primary school. Through a happy set of circumstances, he now lives and works in Puno.

As a young man, Carlos started out on a trip to Bolivia. When he reached Puno, however, he was sick with typhus and went to the local hospital. There he met Consuelo Avila, who was working as a nurse's helper. He remained in Puno and married Consuelo.

The shop where Carlos works employs four or five other carpenters

MARYKNOLL

and cabinetmakers. Pay is on a piecework basis. Carlos, a master craftsman, earns an average of \$13 for a 50-hour, six-day week.

On this he supports his wife and three children: Carlos Emilio, 18; Laura Justina, 13; and Carola Emilia, 10. They live in a two-room house at 335 Deza Street. Except for a radio all their furniture is utilitarian: a dining room table, five chairs, four beds, a night table, a cupboard, and a two-burner kerosene stove.

A typical working day for Carlos begins a little after sunrise. He has a light breakfast of coffee and bread before leaving for the shop. After lunch (soup, cooked vegetables,

rice, noodles and coffee) he takes an hour's siesta, and then works until sunset.

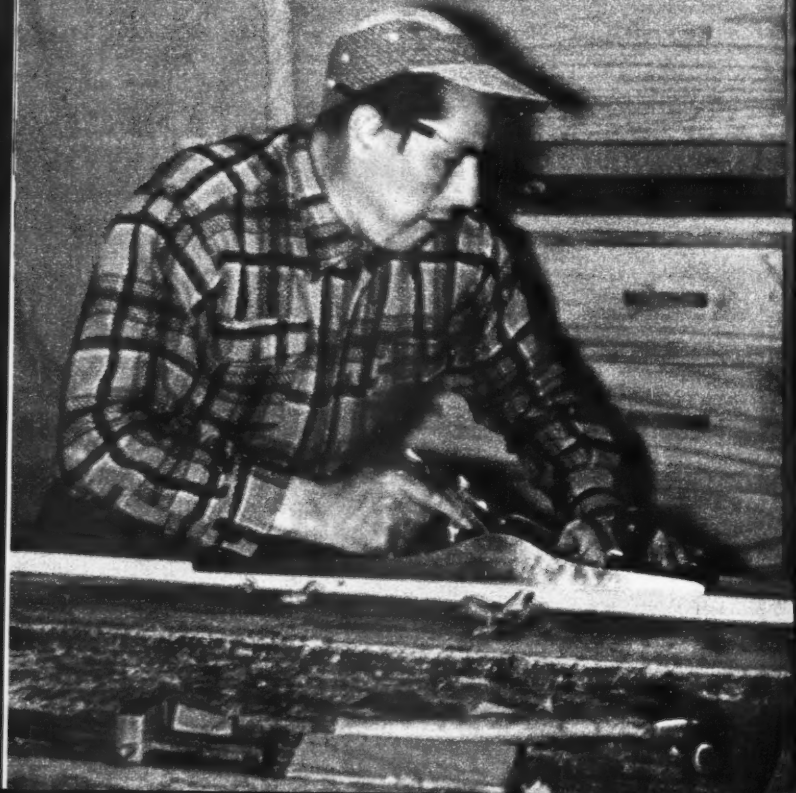
At home, he listens to the radio until it's time to eat. The main meal consists of soup, noodles and butter, meat or fish, rice and coffee. In the evening he likes to read Puno's daily newspaper, as well as a Sears and Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog, from which he gets ideas for furniture. Once or twice a month he may take his wife to the movies. He usually retires between 9 and 9:30.

On Sundays, the family goes to either the 10 or 11 o'clock Mass. In the afternoon, Carlos frequently takes a walk around town with his



For Carlos Roca, the world revolves around his family.

Carlos has mastered  
all steps involved  
in making furniture.





wife and youngest daughter. They may wind up by visiting friends, or simply sitting in the park.

Carlos' main worries are strikingly similar to those of the head of an average middle-class family in the United States. With three children in school, he finds it difficult to make ends meet. The largest item in the family budget, which his wife handles, is the weekly food bill of \$8 or \$9.

Although he owns his own home, Carlos has little financial security. When school starts, he usually has to borrow money to meet expenses. Fortunately, his parish operates a cooperative which charges a low rate of interest.

Carlos' only savings come from a \$2 monthly "lay away" system with the cooperative. This protects his credit for future loans. In the event of his death, the cooperative will double his savings and cancel any outstanding loans.

After twenty years at his trade, Carlos has little opportunity for advancement. He expects to continue working as at present until he dies. His main ambition is to help his children get a good start in life. They represent his hope for the future. He has tried to instill in them a love of their religion, and wants them to have every educational opportunity he can provide. He would like them to study medicine, law or teaching.

"If I can give my children a better life than I have had, I shall feel content," he says. "I shall expect that they do the same for their children."



**Favorite recreation: a walk in Puno**



Taking over mother's job,  
Susy lends Lily a hand to  
fasten her wooden sandals.



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RICH

PHOTO STORY

# WIPING AWAY TEARS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
MORGAN J. VITTEGLI,  
M.M., AND WILLIAM J.  
RICHARDSON, M.M.

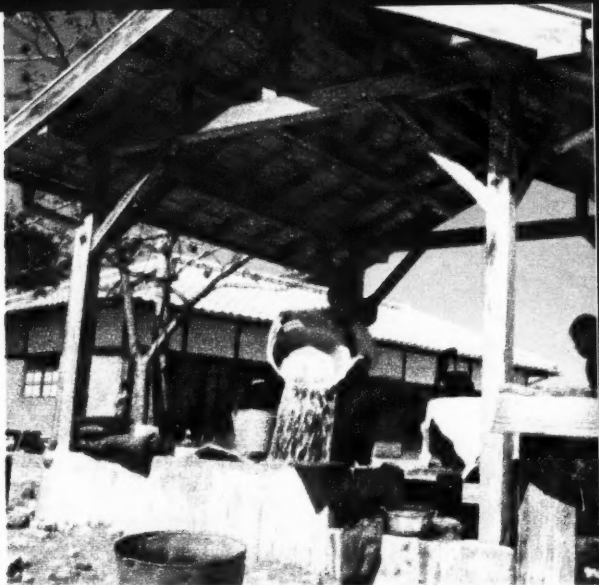
■ AN armistice ending the Korean War was signed six years ago this month. It didn't mean much to those innocent victims who had lost parents and homes in the war. No truce negotiations could wipe out their misery, loneliness and unhappiness. Only love, of the type found at the Maryknoll Orphanage in Chong Ju, could soothe the ache in young hearts and bring a sparkle to sad eyes. ■ ■



Gestures make Father Raymond F. Sullivan's story come alive.



Every youngster loves a game. Father John L. Burke brings smiles to these faces simply by taking time to play one. A friendly word from Father Gervis J. Coxen (right) brightens a sign boy's day.



**Washing, other chores, prepare older orphans for future life.**





# AN OLD LADY HAD A DREAM

**Helped by a relic of persecuted times,  
the Faith returns to a fishing village.**

**BY THEODORE M. KUECHMANN, M.M.**

■ SEVEN years ago, an old lady in Sugari had a dream in which she saw the imposing figure of a man. He beckoned to her, and pointed to a paper rose decorating the family ancestor tablets. The woman believed her dream visitor had some relation to the divine spirits.

Early next morning, she started to clean house. First item on her list was the family altar. After dusting the idols and shelves, she took

out the drawers which were built into the base of the altar. Far in back of one of them she found an old crucifix.

The lady didn't know what the object was, but she felt that it had some special relation to religion. How it had gotten into the house and into the drawer, she did not know. How it could have remained there, undiscovered for so many years, also was a mystery. The

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woman had lived in the house for most of the 65 years of her life, and had never seen the crucifix before.

For seven years the crucifix occupied a place on the family altar and in the lady's worship. During the big Buddhist festival, she would carry it in procession through the streets of the village.

Then a mission station was opened in the city of Owase, about an hour by boat from Sugari. While investigating the area and its history, I heard an unusual story concerning some Nagasaki Christians of nearly a century ago.

The early part of 1870 marked the height of the last official per-

secution of Christians in Japan. During a ten-day period, almost 3,500 Christians were arrested and stripped of their possessions. Then they were exiled in small groups in various parts of the country, on the theory that, deprived of their sense of unity, they would give up their Faith.

Thirty Christians from Nagasaki were taken to Sugari, a remote fishing village in the southern part of Kyoto diocese. In the historical records of the area, only the date of their arrival and their number are recorded. What happened to them is not known. Presumably they went back to Nagasaki when, after

**Family of Sugari posing with their historic crucifix and the author.**



many countries denounced the lack of religious freedom in Japan, the persecution ended and the exiles were allowed to return home. Except for possibly one grave, nothing remained of Christianity in Sugari.

When I heard this story, I remembered that some men from Nagasaki had passed through our mission at Matsuzaka a few months previously. They were en route to Sugari, to work as fishermen. I contacted them and asked them to look around, make inquiries and try to discover any traces of Christianity there.

They heard a rumor, at least 30 years old, of a stone idol with Christian symbols carved on its back. This was known to be a sign frequently used by persecuted Christians, but the idol could not be found. Nor could the men learn anything in the old cemetery, which had been destroyed by an earthquake 50 years earlier. However, they did hear about the crucifix and told the story to me.

I visited the village of Sugari and was well received. At the house of the old lady who had the dream, I saw the crucifix. It is about four inches in length, made of metal with a center of wood. It resembles our present mission crosses, and probably was made in France about a century ago.

The old lady's family can trace its history in Sugari back 250 years. Their ancestor tablets give no rea-

son to believe that any of them ever were Christian. Probably one of the exiled Nagasaki Christians gave the crucifix to some member of the family, maybe in barter for

food or shelter, maybe in gratitude for some kindness. Perhaps it belonged to a man who was buried a few miles from the

village; the name and inscription on his grave are not usual for the area, so he may have been one of the persecuted Christians.

I showed the old lady and her family some books with pictures of a modern crucifix, the rosary, and scenes from the life of Christ. The old lady was quick to notice roses in several of the pictures, roses similar to the one on her family ancestor tablets. She allowed me to take the crucifix home for further study.

The people of Sugari are enthusiastic about their relic and are searching for others, but no more have been found. They would like us to open a church for them, too, but that project will have to wait until a good many more missionaries are available.

This crucifix, however, has brought the Faith back to Sugari. The head of the old lady's family goes to Owase every Sunday to attend Mass and study our Faith. Others in the village listen to the men from Nagasaki. From the exile and sufferings of Christians of nearly a century ago, the Faith is springing up in glory. ■ ■

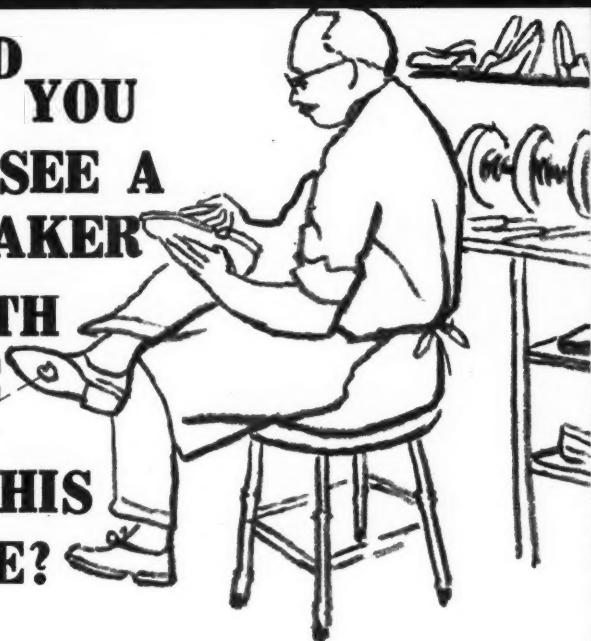
MARYKNOLL

### THE SAFE WAY

**to send money to a Maryknoll missionary overseas is to mail it to Maryknoll, N. Y. We get it to him safely.**



# DID YOU EVER SEE A SHOEMAKER WITH A HOLE IN HIS SHOE?



Did you ever see a barber in need of a haircut? If you did, you must have thought, "There's a fellow who can give advice but doesn't follow it."

How about ourselves? If someone asked you about the necessity of making a will, you'd certainly advise him to go ahead and do it. You would tell him of the many sad consequences when this Christian duty is neglected.

Good advice! But have you made your own will or brought an old will up to date? To die intestate forces the courts to take over

and divide holdings according to state law. You can be sure of one thing—the division won't be the way you would have made it!

Let's not be an insurance man who sells insurance day in and day out and then dies, leaving his family without coverage. The coupon below will bring you without obligation a booklet telling you how to make a Catholic will.

Send for our **free** booklets:  
**What Only You Can Do—for Wills**  
**How To Keep While Giving—for Annuities**

**Send For**  
**FREE**  
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Write to: **MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York**

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



# PARDON MY SHUTTER

No one objected when I shot —  
that's the cause of my trouble.

BY EDWARD J. QUINN, M.M.

■ IT ALL started innocently enough. One afternoon, Father Joe Cosgrove had a sick call to Rock Head Village.

"You want to come along?" he asked. "Thai Pheng's dying."

"O.K. I'll be with you in a minute." As I was leaving my room, I noticed the camera I had borrowed from Father Len McCabe the week before.

"Might as well take the Brownie along," I thought. "Maybe there'll be a chance for a shot or two."

When we got to Rock Head, we found Thai Pheng dying with tuberculosis, the scourge of Formosa. As Father Joe set about taking care

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of the sick man's needs, I started snapping away with the box camera. The deadline on the film carton said the film was long outdated; so I just shot left and right.

The first casualty was A-kun, the patient's granduncle. As Father Joe was administering Extreme Unction, A-kun decided to take a peek through the window at the proceedings. I shot him square between the eyes with a charge of double-x 620. He never knew what hit him.

Thai Pheng, his eyes already glassy, spotted the camera. He exchanged a few words with his wife, who was rubbing his back to ease the pain. She explained, "Thai Pheng would like you to take his picture, so that it can be carried in his funeral procession."

I agreed. Father Joe held up a quilt behind Thai Pheng as a backdrop — a professional touch I would have overlooked. After the first shot, I took another. You never can be sure with old film.

Eventually, we packed up to return to town. When I got into the open courtyard, I found that the first shot of old A-kun, the one of him peeking in the window, hadn't frisked him. He was frisking around as lively as his eighty-one winters would permit. So I stood off to the side and talked to him, while Father Joe shot away with the borrowed camera. (Even a rank amateur can operate a box camera.)

That was Thursday.

Late Sunday night, or early Monday morning, Thai Pheng's son came for the priest. I didn't hear a thing. Father Joe roused himself to answer the knock. Within an

hour he was out to the village, but Thai Pheng had already died.

I heard this over breakfast, from Father Joe. "You know the first question Thai Pheng's wife asked when I got there last night?"

I didn't.

"Is that picture ready yet?"

"Oh, oh!"

As soon as breakfast was finished, I went out to the front gate of the mission and shot some small game, the perennial crowd of kids that are always playing around the house. That finished the roll. The film was developed by afternoon.

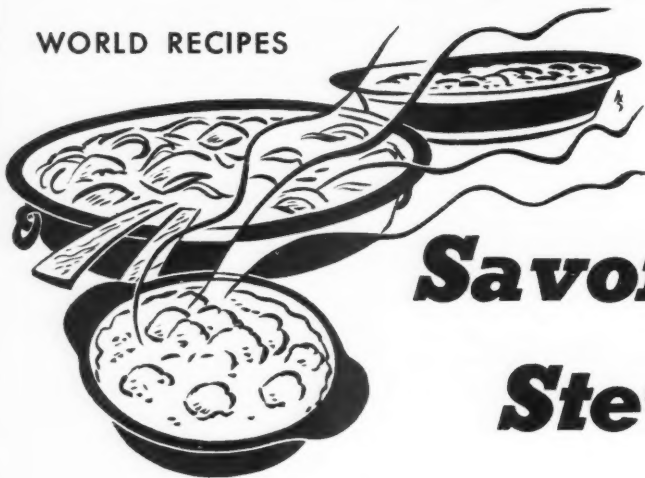
That night, in came Thai Pheng's son, asking about the picture. I delivered the goods, and he left satisfied.

A few days later the full import of what I had started began to dawn on me. When I stopped at the neighborhood bicycle shop, I bumped into Thai Pheng's next-door neighbor, Khe-chich.

"Say, *Sin-hu*," he asked, "you know my father has been failing. In fact, he hasn't been out of bed for two months. I wonder . . . ?"

As poor as my grasp of the language is, I began to see that this was a scene destined to be repeated over and over again. "Sure, Khe-chich," I promised. "The next time I'm in your village, I'll take a picture of your father."

But now I have a problem. Shall I go on as I am, risking a run-in with Photographers' Union, Local 408, or shall I return the camera to Father Len McCabe and wind up my career as a cameraman now, while I'm still young enough to get a start in another line? ■ ■



# Savory Stews

■ PLEASANT kitchens are those that give off savory and spicy aromas. Many times your own kitchen has been this pleasant place while preparing meals consisting of a favorite stew, whether it be Irish, English, Italian or otherwise. Here are a few new recipes to experiment with that are sure to bring compliments to the cook, as well as pleasant aromas from the kitchen. Try them and see for yourself.

## BEEF SUKIYAKI (Japan)

- 2 pounds fillet of beef, thinly sliced
- 2 onions
- 6 scallions (or 10 Japanese leeks)
- 2 tablespoons olive oil (or beef suet)
- small bunch *mitsuba* (Marsh parsley)
- 6 fresh mushrooms
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soy sauce (Japanese)

- 2 whole bamboo shoots, canned
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soup stock
- 1 tablespoon sherry (or sake)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 4 stalks celery
- 2 cakes of *tofu* (bean curd)

Cut the onions into slices; scallions (or leeks) into two-inch lengths; celery into diagonal slices; bamboo shoots into thin strips. Cut *tofu* (bean curd) into thirds and the mushrooms into lengthwise slices. Set aside. Prepare *warishita* (special broth) by boiling soy sauce, soup stock, sugar, sherry (or sake) and monosodium glutamate. Set aside. Heat olive oil (or beef suet) in a large, heavy skillet. Add small quantity of meat, which has been cut crossgrained into thin slices, and cook lightly. Pour *warishita* (broth) over the meat and bring to a boil. Add gradually in small quantities

the onions, scallions (or leeks), and celery. Cover and cook for 5 minutes over low heat. Add the remaining sauce, *tofu* (bean curd), bamboo shoots, *mitsuba* (optional) and mushrooms. Cook uncovered for 3 minutes. It is important not to overcook. In traditional Japanese style, *sukiyaki* may be served with a lightly beaten egg in individual bowls. The stew is dipped into the beaten egg before eating. *Serves 5 to 6.*

## SCALLOP AND SHRIMP STEW (Chile)

- 1 pound scallops, washed
- 1 pound shrimp, cleaned and peeled
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup white wine
- 1 ½ cups bread crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- ¼ pound shortening
- 2 onions, sliced
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 1 cup cream
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Bring the scallops, shrimp, water and wine to a boil in a saucepan. Cook over a low flame for 5 minutes, until shrimp are pink. Strain, reserving stock. Chop the seafood coarsely with the exception of two or three scallops and shrimp. Soak the bread crumbs in milk and melt the shortening in a saucepan. Add onions and paprika. Sauté for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Squeeze

the excess milk from the bread crumbs and discard. Combine the bread crumbs with the onions and add the reserved stock. Mix well. Combine the chopped seafood, cream, salt, pepper and oregano (⅛ teaspoon of chili powder may be substituted). Stirring frequently, cook over low heat for 10 minutes. Place in casserole and garnish with hard-cooked eggs cut in wedges and the reserved scallops and shrimp. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, dot with butter and bake in preheated oven (400°F.) until golden brown (or for 20 minutes). *Serves 6.*

## MEAT STEW (Ethiopia)

- ¼ pound shortening
- 2 cups minced onion
- 1 cup water
- 2 pounds boneless lamb (beef or veal)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon black pepper
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch (or flour)
- ¼ cup cold water

Melt half of the shortening in a heavy saucepan. Add onions and cook over medium heat until they are soft. Mix in remaining shortening and water. Cook uncovered for 5 minutes. Add the meat (which has been cut in bite-size pieces) and seasonings, and cover pan, simmering mixture for 1 to 1½ hours. Blend 1 tablespoon cornstarch with ¼ cup of cold water to thicken the sauce. Add this to the simmering stew and continue cooking for 5 minutes. This stew may be served over cooked rice or noodles. *Serves 6 to 8.*



# Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

## Sharing

Here is a dollar. Please use it to help some poor children in another land. I am getting a typewriter and I would like to share my joy with others. I wish I could send you more money, but I only get fifty cents a week.

IRENE FUENTES

Chicago

## Bishop Ford

Your article on Bishop Ford is wonderful. Seven years ago, on the very day of his death, I was struck with a serious illness to which I am gradually succumbing. Seven is a perfect number (Biblically speaking), and this is the decisive year. I have felt great intercessory powers from your Bishop Ford and know he is behind God's little ones.

NAME WITHHELD

Santa Rosa, N. M.

## Good Idea

Don't waste your MARYKNOLL magazines. Give them to your neighbors, friends or relations. Or take them to your doctor's or dentist's reception room. But ask permission first. They are a good way to spread the Faith.

PETER MAURIZI

Lodi, N. J.

## Puzzlement

I want to help the missions, but I assumed that the function of foreign mis-

sions is to convert natives to Catholicism. But I have read in your magazine what a wonderful education the teen-agers you feature are getting, and what good Buddhists they are. I heard a Chinese girl say on TV that she is a Buddhist and had been educated in a Catholic missionary school. How crazy can we get? My two children are not attending a Catholic school, nor are thousands of other Catholic children out here, because there isn't room for them in existing schools. If the money is going to educate Buddhists and such, you evidently don't need it as badly as we thought.

MRS. E. MCCOY

Anaheim, Calif.

*The articles to which Mrs. McCoy refers concerned teen-agers over the world. The profiles which dealt with pagan youths referred to non-Catholic schools. The articles were attempting to give an understanding of how other people live. However, there are many pagan children in Catholic schools. Large numbers of these children become converts, yet even more do not. Faith, however, is a gift from God — one that is not offered to everyone, and one that is not always accepted. However, even when no conversion is made, an appreciation for the Church remains. The future empress of Japan was Catholic-educated, a fact that will bring great prestige to the Church in Japan. Finally, many Catholic schools are entirely sup-*

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ported by fees paid by pagan parents, who wish the benefits of Catholic education for their children. In turn, thousands of Catholic poor children are admitted free to these same schools, their education subsidized by the fees paid by pagans.

### Traveler

MARYKNOLL is a wonderful magazine. Although I can't go out by myself because of an illness, I still travel all over the world when I read MARYKNOLL. How my heart aches for the suffering of people in other lands. If I were only rich! I never had children and I do love children so much. My heart breaks when I see them suffering.

MRS. EMMA MARTON

Bronx, N. Y.

### Latin America

I am a diocesan seminarian who lived in South America. I have read and do read about the Church and her problems there. The excellence of your interview with Father William Coleman is unquestionable. The interview shows a profound understanding of the problem. Such comprehension is all too rare. Maryknoll seminarians are fortunate to have such a teacher. I also like your policy of publishing letters that disagree with you. They often serve to remind us how little some people know and understand their Catholic Faith. A Spanish proverb says, "Eyes that do not see, a heart that does not feel." I believe that your marvelous photography helps our hearts to feel love for our brothers all over the world.

MICHAEL J. DONOVAN

Columbus, Ohio

### Omission

In your survey of "Churches of  
JULY, 1959

Silence," Raymond M. Boyle mentions even a few small countries like Albania, which is mostly non-Christian, and a few small Soviet nations, like Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. He omitted mentioning the second-largest Soviet nation, Ukraine with its forty-five million population, all Christian. The Ukraine was the first country in the world that, in the wars from 1917 to 1921, tried to resist the godless hordes of Red Russia; it was the first country to be occupied by Russian Soviets. The martyrdom of the Ukrainian Catholic Church far exceeds the sufferings of the Polish and Hungarian Churches.

IHOR CYMBALISTY, M.D.

Chicago

### Outer Space

I cannot help but admire the spirit of Maryknollers. They have never known the thrill of the cold silence of flying a jet at an altitude of thirty-five thousand feet or maneuvering ten feet apart at five hundred miles an hour. Yet they put as much "sweat" into their work as we do. It must take real stuff to make a missionary.

2/LT. WILLIAM P. HURN

St. Louis, Mo.

### Urgent Plea

We are going to move. I don't know what house number we'll have because they are building our house and haven't finished it yet. I don't know when we are going to move and maybe the magazine will go to the wrong house, but we won't be moving very soon. I enclose five cents to help train a Maryknoll priest. But don't forget I told you we are going to move. Good-by.

MARY KAY ZIGRANG

Littleton, Colo.



100%

**4½% Interest  
on your savings**

and compounded daily **FOR-  
EVER**. Every penny you invest  
in food for the starving, medicine  
for the sick, shelter for the home-  
less, pays off at 100% spiritual  
interest. . . . You take no risk.  
You have a Divine guarantee:  
"As long as you did it to one of  
these little ones, you did it to  
Me." Let Maryknollers overseas  
be the investment brokers of your  
charity and mercy to these "little  
ones."

---

**Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N.Y.**

Dear Father,

I enclose \$..... for the  
Maryknoll Charity Fund.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

## Shipping Out

■ **EVERYBODY** in the United States  
wants peace to come to a world that  
is tired of the cold war. Yet many  
people would be tongue-tied if asked  
to spell out in everyday language  
exactly what they mean by peace.

Some exceptions are the Mary-  
knollers who leave this summer for  
service overseas. Thanks to their  
training they have a rich apprecia-  
tion of what peace means, in terms  
of personal contentment, in terms  
of wanting others to share with  
them the reality of belonging to  
Christ. Nothing vague in their  
minds as to why they are shipping  
out for far lands.

Other exceptions are you who ex-  
pose yourselves to our magazine.  
Without your moral, spiritual and  
financial support, no Maryknollers  
would be shipping out this summer.  
You who support Maryknoll's eight  
hundred priests and eight hundred  
students must have vivid convic-  
tions on the meaning of peace.

Peace is lots of examples. Every  
hungry child fed, every homeless  
refugee decently housed, every one  
whose hunger for God is sated, every  
person whose standard of living is  
raised from that of a beast to that  
of a human being — all this makes  
peace march forward. Maryknollers  
dedicate themselves in your name  
and in God's towards the day when  
peace will come to the human  
race.







## The World's Handicapped

■ How many extraordinary gifts do most of us take for granted! Do we ever pause to marvel at our ability to see and to hear? How many times a day do we use our arms, our legs, without giving them a thought? When we meet a blind person or a cripple or see pictures like the one above, of a legless boy in Bombay, India, we dimly and momentarily realize how precious these gifts are. Yet, do we take time out from the pleasures and problems of life to thank God for them, or do we continue to accept them simply as belonging to us? Do we try to prove ourselves worthy of all God's gifts, both spiritual and physical, by looking for ways to share them with people handicapped in soul or body? ■ ■



Our Government encourages your charity by declaring gifts to Maryknoll deductible for Federal income tax purposes.



## Auto Tires

bounce Central American missionaries to sick calls. Cost \$40. Can you give \$10 for one?



## Organ

No better religious music than an organ. Missioners in Formosa request an organ — \$250.

## Soccer Ball

No juvenile delinquency in our missions in Africa. Keep it so; send \$3 for soccer ball.



## Bell

reminds people that God answers prayer; \$150 will buy a church bell in Korea.



## High School

Maryknoll needs \$40,000 for a high school to turn out fine Chile teenagers.



## Benches

Give the lady a seat. For only \$2.50, you can supply a church bench for Japan.

## Furniture

Chinese Sisters in Taichung need tables, chairs and beds, if you have \$100 to send.



## Altar Rail

From Bolivia comes the request for \$250 for altar rail, where Indians can go to Communion.



*The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.*



# Will You Help Me Get to My Post?

**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York**

Dear Fathers,

I understand that you are sending 57 new missionaries overseas, and that the fare of each is \$500.

I enclose \$..... toward the \$500 needed for one missionary. I'll pray for his missionary labors.

**My Name** .....

**My Address** .....

**City** ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....

## MINNESOTA

### Missioners in America

The Catholic Church is well rooted in Minnesota. Catholics make up 27 per cent of its three million people. Minnesota is divided into an archdiocese (St. Paul) and five dioceses.



1. Louis Hennepin, a Recollect Father, discovered the Falls of St. Anthony (Minneapolis), 1680.



2. The chapel of St. Michael the Archangel was erected at Fort Beauharnois by French Jesuits, 1731.



3. Jean Pierre Aulneau, a Jesuit missionary, was martyred by the fierce Sioux Indians in 1736.



4. The modern city of St. Paul owes its name to a log chapel built by Fr. Lucien Galtier, 1841.



5. Five German-speaking Benedictine monks established a monastery at St. Cloud, Minnesota, in 1856.

